

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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*Fun with Brer Rabbit...
on page 6*



The Three Soldiers



1. The three jolly soldiers, who between them had a purse that filled itself with gold, a magic cloak which could take its wearer anywhere he pleased, and a music-pipe to which everyone must dance, set out from their own castle one day to visit a nearby King. He received them in grand style, for he quite thought that they looked like wealthy princes. "You must dine with me and stay under my roof as long as you wish," he told them. "And while you are here you must meet my only daughter, charming Princess Griselda."



2. A little later, when the soldier with the purse was walking in the Royal garden with the Princess, she asked him about it. And he, rather foolishly, showed her how the magic purse was never empty. "How wonderful," she said.



3. Now this princess was pretty, but she was also very cunning and artful. That night she set to work in her room to make a purse so very like the soldier's that no one could tell one from the other. "That soldier is handsome but a little too careless in his ways to own such a valuable purse," she said to herself. "A purse like that should only be fit for a princess like me."



4. Next day, Princess Griselda again invited the soldier to take a walk with her in the garden. "Let us sit here on this seat in the quiet shade of this tree," she said. "Then you can tell me of your brave adventures at the wars." But as the soldier was speaking, the Princess reached round to his pocket, quietly pulled out the magic purse and put the other in its place.



5. Later, the three soldiers set out for their own home and, happening to need some money, decided to take some from the magic purse. But, alas, there was no magic about it. No gold coins poured from it, and the soldier knew how foolish he had been to show it to the Princess. "She has stolen it," he said. "Never mind, I will get it back," said the soldier with the cloak.



6. He quickly threw the cloak around his shoulders and made a wish to be back at the Royal castle, in the room of Princess Griselda. Of course, he was whisked there in a flash and soon saw that his companion's guess had been right. For the greedy Princess was seated upon her bed, amusing herself by showering out golden coins so that they fell all around her.



7. But the soldier stood looking at her too long. She turned round, and the moment she saw him she started to her feet and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" Soldiers and members of the King's court came rushing to her aid. The dogs, too, bounded towards the soldier, barking furiously at him.

8. The poor soldier thought it was high time he got out as fast as he could. So, without thinking of the ready way of travelling which the magic cloak could give him, he sought to make his escape by leaping out through the window, with the dogs snapping and snarling at his heels. "Stop him," cried the Princess.



Here are our Allsorts pages in which we show you Allsorts of interesting things. This week we show you:



All Sorts of Dancers





1. Morris dancers dancing in an English village street.
2. Hula-hula dancers from the Pacific Islands.
3. A graceful Temple dancer from Cambodia.
4. A geisha girl from Japan.

5. Proud Flamenco dancers from Spain.
6. A tribal dance by the Red Indians of North America.
7. Classical ballet dancers. This type of ballet is danced in most parts of the world.
8. Cossack dancers from Russia.





BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit goes to a party.

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WELL, children, you all know that Brer Rabbit sometimes plays the naughtiest tricks on all the other animals. And the other animals are always trying to catch Brer Rabbit, especially Brer Fox and Brer Bear, who liked nothing better than a good rabbit dinner.

Now, Brer Rabbit was really quite lazy, and he liked nothing better than to sit in the sun and doze all day long. One day, as Brer Rabbit lay stretched out in the long grass behind the hedge, which was one of his favourite hiding-places, who should come along the road but Brer Fox and Brer Bear.

It was a hot day and Brer Bear paused beside the hedge to mop his face on his spotted handkerchief.

"You know, Brer Fox, I've been thinking," said Brer Bear. "That rascal, Brer Rabbit, has been playing his tricks around here for quite long enough. It's time someone did something about it."

"Why don't you give a birthday party, Brer Bear?" asked Brer-Fox. "We could invite the other animals and Brer Rabbit,

and while we're playing some party game—say, Blind Man's Buff—we could pop Brer Rabbit into a sack and then leave him in the woodshed until we're ready to turn him into a nice rabbit stew."

"But I haven't got a birthday," said Brer Bear.

"Well, that doesn't matter," replied Brer Fox. "You only need to pretend."

Brer Bear began to smile. "That's a good idea, Brer Fox," he said. "A mighty good idea." And the two animals went off down the road, laughing to themselves, while Brer Rabbit lay behind the hedge thinking hard, wondering how he could turn the tables on Brer Bear and Brer Fox.

Well, now, Brer Fox and Brer Bear, they wrote the invitations to the party and they got Brer Coon to deliver them. And they told all the other animals how they planned to trap Brer Rabbit, during the game of Blind Man's Buff and put him in a sack, ready to be turned into tasty rabbit stew.

"Serve him right," said the others.

That night, Brer Rabbit crept out of his house, and off he went in the direction of Brer Bear's woodshed and there he dug and dug and he dug, until he was satisfied with his work and then he went back home.

Well, on the day of the party, everyone went to Brer Bear's house and Brer Rabbit was the last to arrive.

"I hope I'm not late," he said.

"No, indeed," replied Brer Bear. "We've

only just started. We were thinking of playing some party games. Is there one you'd like to play?"

"Why, since you asked me, I don't think there's a better party game than Blind Man's Buff," replied Brer Rabbit. At that, Brer Bear gave Brer Fox a sly grin. "He can't wait to jump into our pot," he muttered.

Brer Rabbit took out his big handkerchief and offered to be the first one to be blind-folded. Brer Bear, he sniggered and sniggered as he tied the handkerchief around Brer Rabbit's eyes and turned him around until he was dizzy.

"Now, see who you can catch, Brer Rabbit," he called, signalling Brer Fox to fetch the sack to put Brer Rabbit in.

Brer Rabbit, he said nothing, but he chuckled to himself. Then in came Brer Fox with a big sack and, quick as a flash, he popped it over Brer Rabbit's head. "Got you, you rascally rabbit," he chuckled. "Now we're going to get out the pot and put you in it, and that'll be the end of you."

Well, of course, Brer Rabbit, he began to call out and pretend to cry and beg to be set free. "Don't tie me up, Brer Fox," he begged. "And don't put me in the woodshed. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's to be on my own. Let me stay here, with the other animals, Brer Fox."

But Brer Fox only laughed. "Out in the woodshed you go, where you'll be safe, until we have the pot ready to put you in,"

he said. And he and Brer Bear picked Brer Rabbit up and carried him into the woodshed and locked the door behind them.

Now this was just what that cunning Brer Rabbit wanted. As soon as he heard the key turn in the lock he wriggled around until he could get his hand in his pocket, for he had brought with him some scissors and a needle and thread. First, he cut a hole in the side of the sack and then he climbed out through it. Now all night, when he had been digging, he had dug himself a nice little tunnel, under the fence and into the woodshed. So down the tunnel he went and fetched some nice big stones, which he put in the sack. He sewed the sack up again so neatly, that no one would ever have known it had been cut at all and then he crawled out through his tunnel under the fence and off he went home.

Of course, Brer Bear and Brer Fox and the others, they put the big pot over the fire and when the water seemed nice and hot they went to get Brer Rabbit, to pop him in it. That sack seemed mighty heavy, but they never thought a thing about it, until plop! they opened the sack—and into the hot water fell all those stones. Brer Fox and Brer Bear and all the others were splashed with hot water, and when they saw how they had been tricked they all felt mighty sorry for themselves and mighty sore at Brer Rabbit.

Another Brer Rabbit tale next week.



Making GLASS

Glass is made from a mixture of Sand, Limestone, Soda Ash, and a scrap of glass. These are melted in a furnace, which is a very hot oven. When the glass is ready, it is taken from the furnace (see picture) on the end of a long iron tube. A man called a glass-blower then blows down the tube and the blob of glass takes shape while he keeps turning the tube. It is at this stage that the shape of the glass is decided. While the glass is still reasonably soft, handles, stems, or any other items that are going to be added, are put on. If the glass cools down before the parts are fixed, it is put in a special furnace so that it can be kept hot.



Skilled workmen put the design on patterned glass and, because of the time it takes, this sort of glass is quite expensive to buy in the shops. Cheaper glass, the sort used for making milk bottles, is made in moulding machines, and does not require the skill of a glass-blower.



Well, Fancy That!

At Murchison Falls Park, in Africa, tourists started feeding a large elephant nicknamed Lord Mayor. He became very fond of human company and also very fond of the food that humans take on their picnics. A party of four German tourists who had found the hotel full up with guests, decided to stay in their car for the night, putting their food underneath. Lord Mayor could smell the food and turned the car over to find it. Fortunately, the German tourists were not hurt.



Near Mexico City, some huge stone balls were found. They were embedded in a mountain and some were eleven feet high and perfectly round. It was thought that they were made by man until it was discovered that the balls were forty million years old. Lava from a volcano held hot gases which slowly pushed out the rock as it cooled like a huge solid balloon.



No, this is not a flying saucer. Sometimes, in warm hilly places, the moist air rises over the peak of a mountain. This forms a cloud and as the ground below gets warm or cool, so more air rises and round clouds pile up like plates on top of each other. As the air around the mountain is not forming a cloud, the edge is sharp and round just like a flying saucer. But later the wind will blow this into another shape, or it will just go into nothing.

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 17 and try to answer the questions to see how good your memory is.

Signs of the Zodiac

VIRGO

(August 24—September 23)

Virgo, which is yet another constellation in the sky, is the birth sign for those of you who have birthdays between 24th August and 23rd September.

The sign is represented by a pure, young maiden, as you can see in the picture, and she was supposed to have been the daughter of Jupiter, who was king of all gods and all men, and Themis, who helped Jupiter to be just and fair in all things.

She is thought to have lived on the earth when all men were equals and free, in a time which was called the Golden Age. This wonderful age was ruled by the god Saturn, and when it ended as a result of man's wickedness, the young maiden was raised to the skies as the constellation Virgo.

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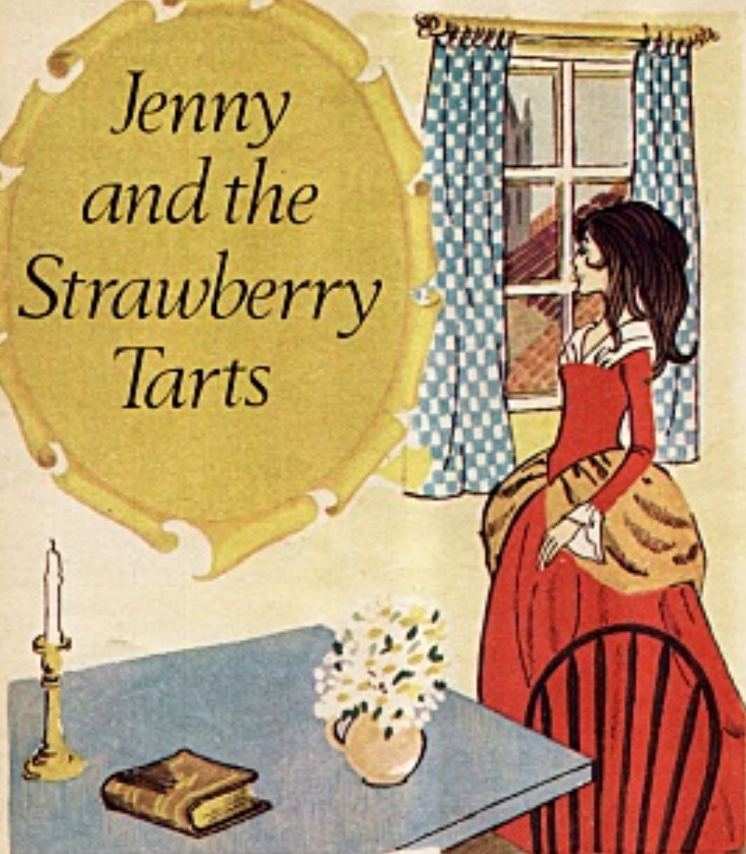
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Jenny and the Strawberry Tarts



1. Pretty Jenny lived at the top of a tall building in the city of London at the end of the 18th century, which was about 200 years ago. She had a very small room looking out over the roof-tops and in the distance she could see the river. Because she was not rich, Jenny had to work for a living and the job she had chosen for herself was the baking and selling of fruit tarts.



2. Very early in the morning, Jenny got up to make and bake her fruit tarts, then when they were ready she carried them out into the streets of London in a basket. "Who will buy my fruit tarts, all fresh as fresh can be?" she called out. All the people knew that Jenny's tarts were the best to be had for miles around and they flocked to buy them at two for a penny. She soon sold out.



3. At least she sold out except for one tart. Every day she kept one back for her own lunch and at twelve o'clock she would sit in the park and eat it. The birds, who were her friends, clustered around as Jenny let them eat the crumbs in the basket.



4. But one day Jenny did not come to the park at her usual time. The seat remained empty, and although the birds watched and waited she did not come either that day or the next. "We must look for her and help if something is wrong," they said.



5. The birds flew off in different directions, peeping in the windows of all the houses in London, until at last one of them found Jenny sitting in her little room. Hearing a cooing sound from the window-sill, Jenny turned and a smile came to her sad face. "Why, it's one of my bird friends from the park," she said. "What a pity I have no tarts. Fruit is scarce and dear."



6. So that was the reason why the birds had not seen Jenny in the park—fruit prices had gone up so much that she could not afford to buy any. That night Jenny went to bed and fell asleep wondering what the next day would bring. She was not very hopeful, but in the morning she heard a cooing sound and the fluttering of feathers, as one of her pigeon friends flew in.



7. In the bird's beak was a wild strawberry. And, to the great surprise and delight of Jenny, the bird put the strawberry on a pile already on the table. The pigeons had worked hard all night, gathering wild strawberries in places only they knew about.



8. Every morning after that Jenny would find the fruit ready picked for her tarts. Her wild strawberry tarts became famous all over London and there was always a great rush to buy them from Jenny, who never forgot the kindness of her pigeon friends.



Beautiful Paintings

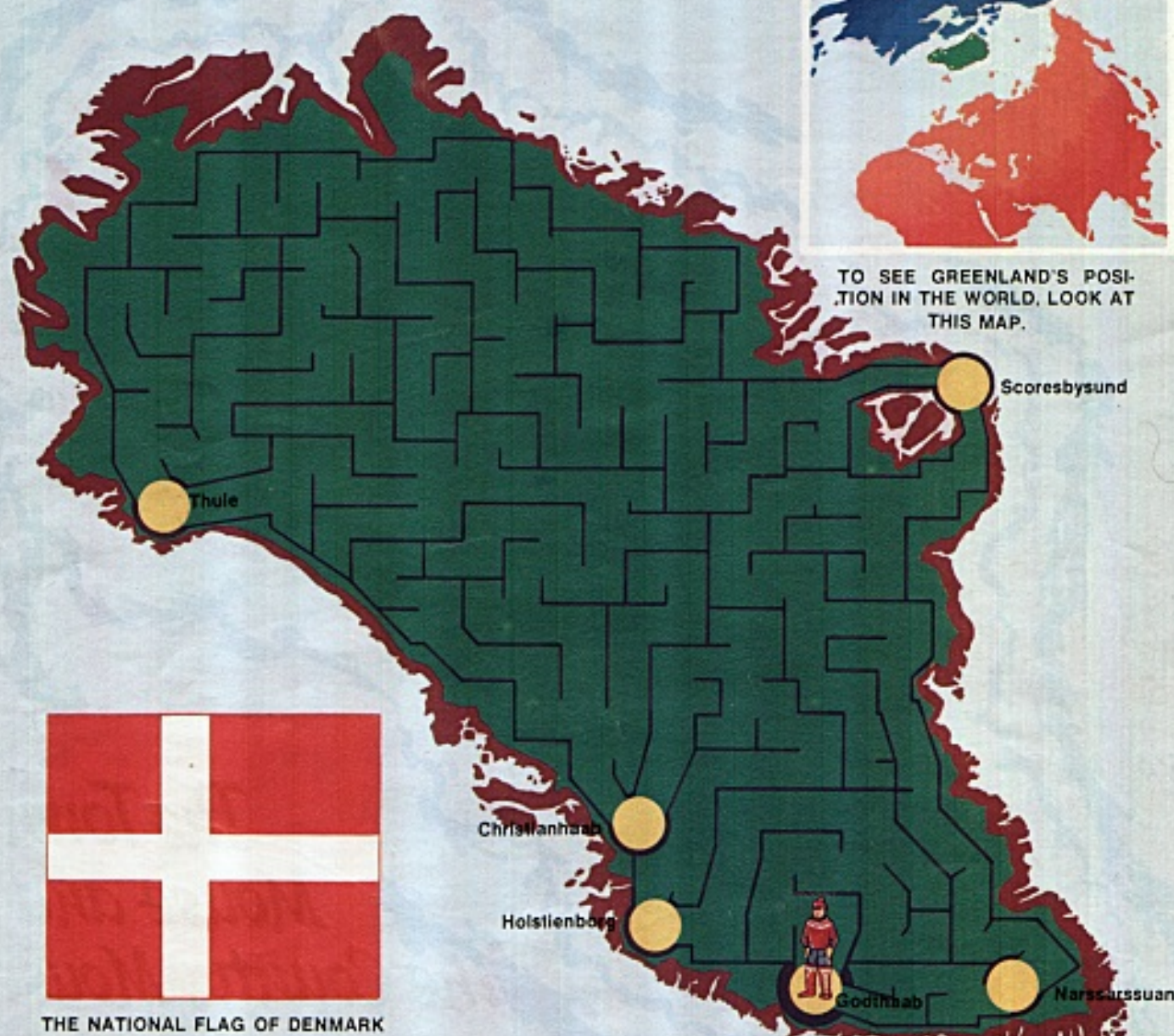
Many famous artists have come from Italy, and Raphael, who painted the portrait shown above, is just one of them. The portrait is called "The Lady With the Veil" and, as you can see, the beautiful woman in the picture is wearing a veil made from some fine material. Her dress is very pretty, and she looks as if she is wearing her best clothes. We do not know her name but she seems to be quite wealthy because only people with money could afford a dress like the one she is wearing in the days when the portrait was painted. Men and women would

have their portrait painted and then give it as a present to a close friend, or member of the family. Because portraits were popular, people who wished to be fashionable would collect portraits of all the members of their family and hang them on the wall. Raphael painted many religious paintings, and it is interesting to note that he was born on a Good Friday, and died on a Good Friday. He was born in 1483 at Urbino, Italy, and died in 1520 in Rome. This famous artist is often called "The Prince of Painters".

Learn about Greenland



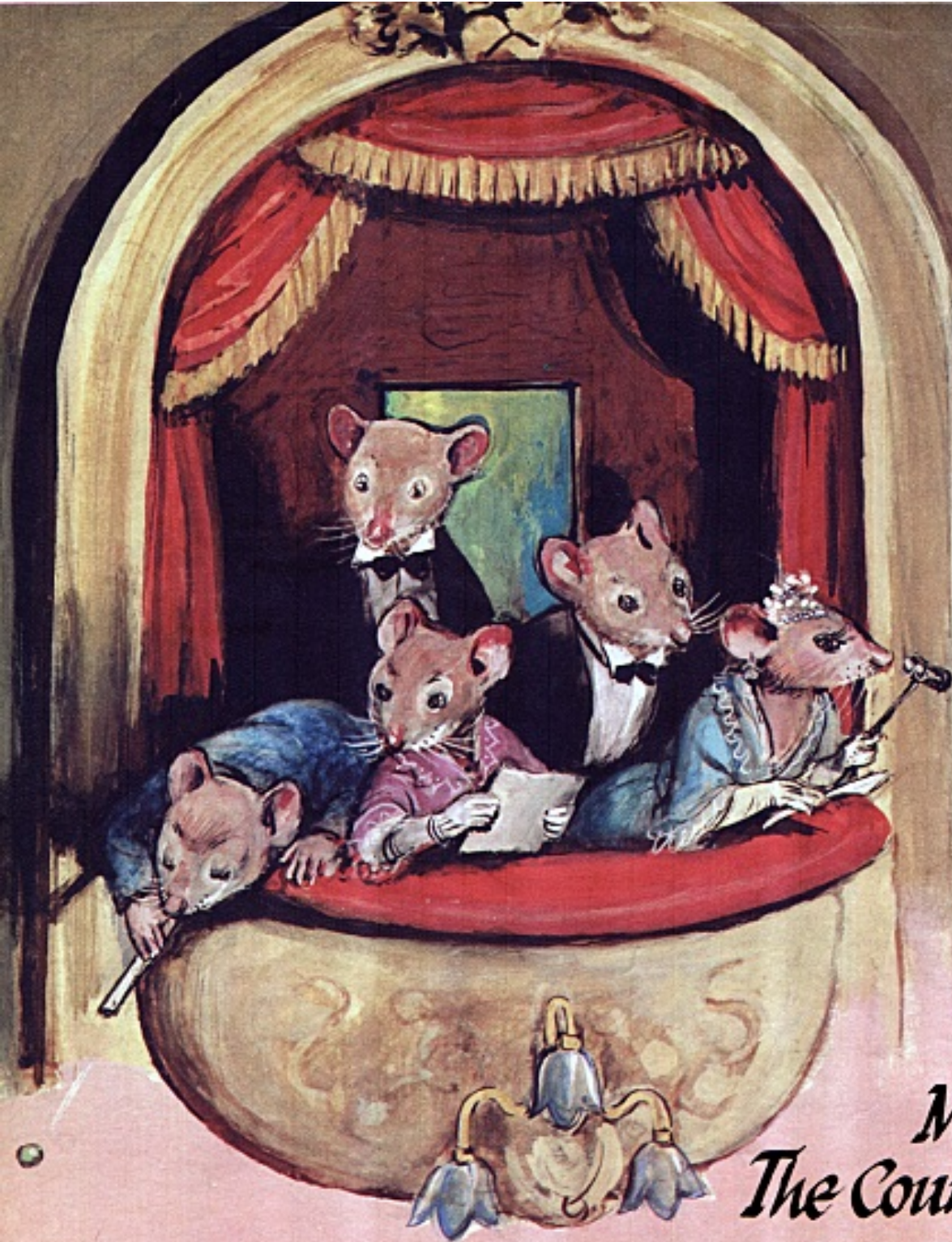
TO SEE GREENLAND'S POSITION IN THE WORLD, LOOK AT THIS MAP.



THE NATIONAL FLAG OF DENMARK



A country of ice, thousands of feet thick—that is Greenland, a large island off the north-east coast of Canada. Greenland is the second largest island in the world, covering an area of about 736,000 square miles. Most of this land cannot be used for growing crops, and the west coast is the only part of Greenland that can produce any form of plant life. It is here that most of the population of Greenland is centred. The island belongs to Denmark, and Danes and Eskimos live there in stone settlements along the coast. These people lead an outdoor life, hunting the seal, whale, walrus, fox and bear. Plenty of fishing goes on too, mainly for salmon, cod and halibut. An important mineral, called Cryolite, is found on the island, and is used in the making of soap and glass. Coal, copper, iron and gold have also been discovered. Take a journey around the island, starting at Godthaab, to Holsteinborg, to Christianhaab, to Thule, to Scoresbysund, to Narsarsuaan, and back to Godthaab, without crossing any lines of the maze. To draw a polar bear, an animal which is found in Greenland, shade in the areas of the puzzle picture marked with a dot.



The Town Mouse and The Country Mouse

This week . . . Homer Mouse buys a theatre.

WINIFRED, the shy little country mouse, and her boy-friend, Bertie, decided it was time they took Winifred's American cousin, Homer C. House, to visit Stephanie. Now, Stephanie was a very smart mouse who lived in a grand house in the town, and had a smart boy-friend named Nigel. She was rather embarrassed when Winifred and Bertie came up from the country to visit her, for they always looked so plain and dowdy.

Stephanie was arranging some flowers in a vase when the doorbell rang. When she opened the door, Stephanie did get a shock, because there on the doorstep were Winifred and Bertie. And with them was a very large mouse whom Stephanie had never seen before. He was wearing the strangest outfit she had ever seen, with a wide cowboy hat.

"Hello, Stephanie, dear," said Winifred. "I expect you're surprised to see us."

Stephanie was very surprised to see them. "We've brought cousin Homer C. Mouse, who has come all the way from America to visit us and he is simply longing to meet you," said Winifred.

Stephanie began to feel a bit more pleased when she heard that this new American cousin was longing to meet her and at last she found her tongue. "Come in at once," she said, thinking that she had

left her dowdy cousin standing on the step for the neighbours to see for quite long enough.

When they were all inside, Winifred introduced Stephanie to cousin Homer, and Homer swept off his big cowboy hat, and drawled, "Howdy, Miss Stephanie."

Winifred made Homer tell Stephanie all about his big cattle ranch back in America, and Stephanie began to be quite impressed.

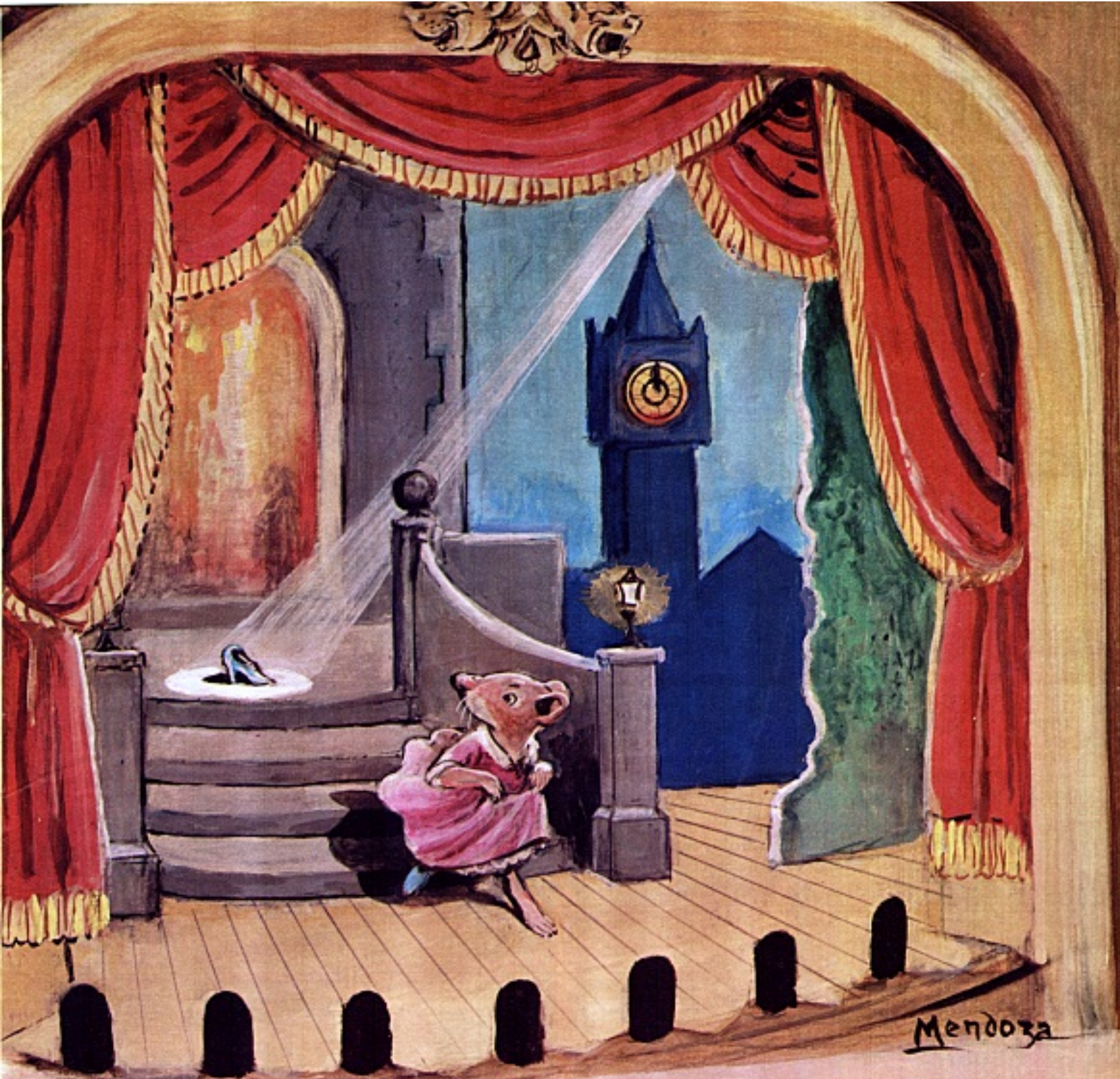
"My boy-friend, Nigel, will be here in a moment, for tea," said Stephanie. "How long are you staying?"

"Oh, we're staying for a day or two," said Homer. "Winifred and Bertie have been so kind that I'm treating them to a few days' holiday. We're staying in the Grand Hotel here."

Stephanie was most impressed. The Grand Hotel was really a very posh affair, the biggest and best hotel in town. Even Stephanie herself only went there on special occasions.

"I thought we might go out tomorrow and see a show," said Homer. "Is there anything you would like to go to, Stephanie?"

"Well, there's a new show just opened at the theatre, which I hear is marvellous," said Stephanie. "But I believe all the tickets are sold for months ahead, and it's impossible to get in."



"Just leave it to me," said Homer. "We'll certainly go to the newest show in town, or my name's not Homer C. Mouse."

Homer went off to buy tickets, and when he returned he said, "Invite all your friends, Stephanie. We're going to see the show tomorrow."

"You mean you've bought tickets?" gasped Stephanie.

"No, I bought the theatre, because there were no tickets left," said Homer. "They are putting on a special show for me and my friends, tomorrow afternoon, so invite everyone you know."

Stephanie was thrilled and she sent Nigel around with the invitations at once.

Then she took Winifred very firmly to a little hairdresser she knew, nearby. It wasn't the hairdresser Stephanie went to herself. She felt she really couldn't take Winifred to such a big, grand place, where there were so many people who knew her, but the little hairdresser was very good and when she had finished, Winifred looked quite smart.

Stephanie gave Winifred one of her old dresses to wear, and when she was dressed up, Stephanie didn't feel nearly so ashamed of her country cousin.

Stephanie and Nigel, Winifred and Bertie, and cousin Homer arrived

at the theatre first, to greet all their guests as they arrived, and Stephanie did feel important as she introduced "Cousin Homer, who has just bought the theatre."

Nobody minded having to do an extra show because Homer gave all the mice in the show extra pay, and Nigel and Stephanie, who were really very generous, gave the porter and cloakroom attendants and programme sellers a specially big tip.

When the show was over, everyone went back to Stephanie's house and there was a grand party in honour of cousin Homer and all the guests said it was the best day they had had for a long time.

Another tale of the merry little mice next week.

Here are some questions from the story "Signs of the Zodiac" on page 10. Answer as many as you can before turning back to check them.

1. Who are the young maiden's mother and father supposed to have been?
2. What was the name of the time when all men were equals?
3. Which god ruled during this time?

Moorea and the Fisher-boy



1. Long, long ago, the baby Princess Moorea was stolen from her cradle by the Kelpies, those strange fairy creatures who live in the sea-swept rocks. "She shall be our playmate, and the sea will soon wash away her memories of home," they laughed. And they left some seaweed to show that the Kelpies had called.



2. Princess Moorea lived in the sea with the Kelpies and grew into a lovely young girl. Sometimes she had faint memories of another place and another life, but she was happy to live on the sea-washed rock, and bit by bit the memories of her true life faded, though she seemed to know that she was not a real Kelpie.



3. Now, a certain fisher-boy, named Raphael, had grown up on the shore and had often heard the story of the stolen Princess. One evening, when strolling by the water's edge, he saw the Kelpies at play in the moonlight, and with them was a beautiful young girl. "She must be the missing Princess Moorea," said Raphael.



4. He spoke quite loudly and the Kelpies, startled by his voice, swam quickly away. But Moorea, looking back over her shoulder, saw Raphael and at once fell in love with him. "Come, Moorea," the Kelpies cried. "That fisher-boy is a human and not for the likes of us or you." Sadly, Moorea swam away with them.



5. But Raphael had been charmed by that glimpse of Moorea and he did not intend to lose her so easily. "I must think of a plan," he said. Next day, he set out in his boat, dragging a strong fishing-net. The other fishermen were surprised to see that Raphael had put a wooden spoon and other things in it.



6. "What does he hope to catch with that?" they asked. And the answer was . . . Moorea. She had never seen anything like the things Raphael was towing behind his boat, for sea-creatures have no need of them. Curious, she swam closer and suddenly found herself entangled in the net. "Do not be afraid, Princess," said Raphael.



7. He drew her gently towards the shore, and all the time she wept to be set free. But, as soon as her feet touched land, she remembered who she was and all that had happened. "Dear, brave fisher boy, I know now that I am the Princess Moorea," she said. "Take me to my parents." "Gladly, Princess," answered Raphael.



8. For taking the stolen Princess back to the castle, the King made him into a noble knight. And soon Sir Raphael and Princess Moorea were married. Sometimes at night they would walk down to the shore to watch the graceful Kelpies at play—but you may be sure they never ventured too near the water's edge.

FAMOUS NAMES

Interesting facts about people, places and things in our world.



1. **Sir Joshua Reynolds.** This famous artist, the greatest of English portrait painters, was reckoned by some people to be among the best seven in the world. In 1789 his eyesight failed suddenly and he died three years later at the age of 69.



2. **Independence Rock.** Wind, rain, ice and snow sometimes form rocks into strange shapes—particularly rocks which are fairly soft. One of the best examples of a rock shape which people go to see is the Independence Rock, in Colorado, U.S.A.



3. **Dr. William Gilbert Grace.** For more than forty years this man was the best-known cricketer in England. He was born in 1848 and died in 1915. Altogether in first-class cricket Dr. W. G. Grace scored 54,896 runs, including no less than 126 centuries.



4. **Alfred Lord Tennyson.** One of the best-known of writers of English poetry, Alfred Tennyson was given the title of Lord Tennyson when he was 75. He died in 1892, at the age of 83, and is remembered for his poems of King Arthur and his Knights.